

Standstill  
[Seventh Draft]  
written by  
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EXT. DAY. CONCRETE.

Mist drifts along desolate concrete populated by blowing weeds in blistering wind.

A faint engine is heard, getting gradually louder. A grey car speeds in and recoils as it screeches to a halt.

The vehicle sits, rotting with rust and duct taped wing mirrors.

Hold.

INT. DAY. CAR.

Three teenagers: OLI behind the wheel, AMY in the passenger's seat and JAMES in the middle back seat.

OLI, shaking his leg and biting his nails, focusing on the map open on his phone. JAMES in a moment of frustration hits the back of the front seat jolting OLI forward.

OLI  
We can't drive if we don't know  
where we're going.

JAMES scoffs.

OLI (CONT'D)  
No, no, no, no!

OLI angles his phone from the others and taps 'Power Off'.

AMY  
No signal?

OLI  
Even better, batteries dead.

He chucks the phone onto the dashboard and sits back, eyes looking out the window - wanting to be anywhere but the car.

AMY grabs his hand to gently kiss it.

AMY  
Look, we've got what? 5 hours of  
daylight? We'll be *fine*.

JAMES  
(Imitating her voice)  
Don't worry about a thing darling,  
what you getting your knickers in a  
twist for?

AMY shoots JAMES a look while OLI's hand hesitates by the keys.

OLI  
(Almost hyperventilating)  
I've gotta get home and start  
baking.

JAMES offers a dismissive look of confusion as AMY supportively tries to calm him with a smile.

AMY  
His birthday isn't for a few days  
right? You're fine. You can be  
Brother of the year then, yea?

JAMES  
You sound like fucking greetings  
card.

OLI removes the keys from the ignition.

AMY  
Last time we nick my Dad's car, ey?  
(chuckles)  
It'll be okay, we're halfway there  
now we've cleaned the car.

JAMES  
I cleaned the car.

AMY  
And removed the dent from the  
bonnet.

OLI  
It just plays on a loop, over and  
over.

AMY  
(Through a fake smile)  
Now we just return the car and  
nobody will ever know it went  
walkies.

OLI  
I just see his face...

Hold. AMY nor JAMES can look him in the eye.

JAMES  
It's alright mate.

He puts his hand on OLI's shoulder.

JAMES (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
It's just the guilt.

OLI turns to look at JAMES and scoffs in disbelief, he goes to speak before AMY cuts him off.

AMY  
(To JAMES)  
I didn't see you offering to drive!

JAMES  
(To OLI)  
Sorry, how many times have you failed your test?

Hold

JAMES (CONT'D)  
I don't know about Amy but I'd quite like to see your driver's license.

AMY  
He was fine and had his eyes on the road until *someone* distracted him.

JAMES  
(Imitating her)  
Oh yes Oli, forget about what's in the boot. Even though you're the one with your feet on the pedals, your hands on the steering wheel and the one that/

AMY  
/Enough.

OLI takes a deep breath.

OLI  
W-we wanted, erm, what was it?

JAMES  
Marshland, easier to dig.

AMY  
So. We need a map!

She opens the glove-box, random debris tumbles out.

AMY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
It's in the boot! Dad kindly keeps the map in the bloody boot!

JAMES hits the seat again.

JAMES  
FOR FUCKSAKE!

OLI takes a deep inhale, scrunching his face. AMY puts her hand on OLI's shoulder and unconvincingly smiles.

AMY  
Oli... I'll get it. You've just gotta come round and let me out. When you pass your test and get your own car we'll buy one that's not falling apart with faulty locks yea?

OLI's grip of the key tightens as JAMES spots something outside the car - his face widens.

OLI  
But I can't let you do that Amy.

JAMES frantically taps them both on the shoulder and gestures.

JAMES  
Guys... GUYS!

OLI looks out to see a well-dressed MAN, slim late 50s, on the phone in the distance headed towards them. All three sink into their seats trying to prevent detection.

Beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
(Whispering)  
My Dad says in situations like this, to not make eye contact with them and they'll walk away.

AMY  
(Angry)  
It's not a fucking bear James!

THE MAN makes eye contact and waves. They try to act natural rising back up in their seats as JAMES waves back. AMY covers her face with her hands.

OLI  
(Getting upset)  
A-a-amy, I can't speak to him. I can't, I just can't.

THE MAN knocks on OLI's window, OLI turns to look at him, smiles and then retreats back to facing AMY. He knocks again.

THE MAN  
(Muffled)  
Hiyya, excuse me? Have you seen a  
Dog?

They shoot eachother a look saying 'FUCK'. OLI's face softens to a 'Help Me'.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
I can't hear you through the door.

THE MAN goes to open OLI's door but OLI turns and slams it instantly. A silence is shared.

Hold.

THE MAN clears his throat.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
Blonde Labrador? Nice little thing,  
very friendly.

OLI turns to THE MAN, bewildered he coyly points in any direction and politely nods.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
Thank you!

THE MAN goes to walk off before turning back.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
Sorry to be a pain but don't  
suppose any of you have a map or  
semi-decent phone?

THE MAN waves an old flip phone in front of them as his eyes clock the smartphone on the dashboard. OLI looks back at AMY in terror.

THE MAN knocks on the window again.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
Anybody home?

OLI starts to wind his window down until it jams after only an inch, leaving a small crack to talk through. THE MAN puts his hand through the gap and tries to press the glass down further - to no success.

JAMES  
Window's fucked mate.

OLI takes a deep breath and smiles as if going on stage.

OLI  
Sorry mate, batteries dead and  
we're in a bit of rush so if you/

THE MAN's laugh interrupts OLI.

THE MAN  
Three teenagers only have one  
phone?

OLI  
We really are in a hurry, so if you  
don't mind.

THE MAN's eyes scan around the car.

THE MAN  
You cool kids skipping school?

He looks AMY up and down, then smiles.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
(Slowly)  
Non-Uniform day?

He laughs again. Silence.

THE MAN (CONT'D)  
Was that a no to the map?

OLI stutters, unable to form a sentence.

JAMES  
Yea, but it's in the boot so again,  
if you don't mind we can't be late  
for class.

JAMES offers a sarcastic grin.

THE MAN  
Nah that's alright. Just pop open  
the lid and I'll have a look. Won't  
be a second.

THE MAN returns the smile as he heads to the boot of the car.

The trio turn to each other, petrified. AMY puts out a fake smile to THE MAN through the window as he stares at her.

AMY

It's fine, I'll go out there and if  
you call him round your side/

OLI opens the door and leaves, dropping his wallet. He turns to look at AMY through the window, she scoffs. JAMES tries the door but it doesn't open.

JAMES

Your Dad's car is a piece of shit.

EXT. DAY. CONCRETE.

OLI dusts off his clothes and shyly heads towards THE MAN.

THE MAN

Everything alright? Just found  
blood.

OLI looks through the window to JAMES and AMY.

JAMES

(Muffled)

Jesus, how fucked are we?

OLI addresses THE MAN.

OLI

Gotta be careful with that handle.  
I cut myself on it.

They both look at OLI's clean hands. OLI heads to the boot.

INT. DAY. CAR.

AMY's eyes are fixed on OLI. While her hand still tries the door handle.

AMY

This is Oli right? He wouldn't do  
anything stupid... Would he?

JAMES looks at AMY, his hands shaking. The sound of the keys going into the boot lock has them holding their breath.

EXT. DAY. CONCRETE.

OLI turns the key, the boot lid goes to kick up but he catches it. He looks at THE MAN, they both awkwardly smile.



INT. DAY. CAR.

AMY's eyes on the verge of tears.

AMY

No, no. I can't have this happen.  
This is going to ruin my life. OLI.  
OLI!

EXT. DAY. CONCRETE.

THE MAN, concerned, looks over to AMY shouting.

THE MAN

They alright in there?

OLI

Erm, I, I think I dropped my wallet  
when I got out. Could ya pick it up  
for us?

THE MAN goes to the side of the car.

THE MAN

Can I have your Mother's maiden  
name while you're at it?

OLI offers a solemn smile and opens the boot.

CU. OLI's hand grabbing a map.

INT. DAY. CAR.

JAMES

My Dad got trapped in a car once  
and he kicked the windows out!

AMY

Then why couldn't I have been  
trapped in a car with your Dad?

THE MAN

(Muffled)  
HOLY SHIT!

The two turn in panic.

EXT. DAY. CONCRETE.

The map is spread across the boot lid as THE MAN points to a  
destination on it, jumping with joy.

THE MAN

You're honestly a lifesaver mate, I could kiss you.

Hold in an awkward silence.

OLI

No worries mate. You hold onto it, we don't need it anymore.

INT. DAY. CAR.

AMY looks JAMES in the eye, stern and angry.

AMY

Right, when Oli gets back into this car, he is turning the keys in that ignition and we are driving away. While he's digging, we will phone the Police telling them exactly what Oli did. We'll be fine. **I** will be fine. I am not losing the rest of my life for you or for him.

JAMES

We can play around with it, we'll say accelerated on purpose! We were shouting at him not to!

EXT. DAY. CONCRETE.

OLI

That everything?

THE MAN

Nah, I'll have a portion of chips and a pint please.

Silence.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Yeah no that's everything thank you.

OLI

Good luck with your dog, I hope you find them.

THE MAN

Yeah cheers, they're a little Houdini, normally run off to go for a little swim so I'll probably find them...

He consults the map and points.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

There!

He checks his watch.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

You best get back to school though ay? It's cliché but they're honestly the best days of your life, don't miss 'em for the world. Because it doesn't get better than this.

Hold.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Thanks again!

THE MAN starts to walk away.

OLI

(To THE MAN)

When you get asked about this, you tell 'em that we were good to you, yea? That we weren't bad people.

THE MAN looks confused, yet salutes.

THE MAN

See ya round kid.

OLI spreads his arms out on the boot and takes a deep breath, his eyes starting to well up again.

INT. DAY. CAR.

AMY and JAMES take a deep sigh of relief.

AMY

Oh my god... Did we just? Did we?

JAMES

Somehow he did it!

AMY looks back towards THE MAN.

AMY

Wait, did he nick the map?!

They turn as OLI raises the boot of the car.

EXT. DAY. CONCRETE.

OLI looks down in the boot, trying to hold back tears. His arm is extended inside. The camera tracks down his arm to see him wiping dirt off a small pale hand.

A child's hand.

OLI's lips quiver and shake, at a loss for words. With bright red eyes OLI completely loses it, the tears win.

XCU. He leans in and tidies up THE CHILD's tie.

OLI smiles but the crying continues.

OLI

I'm sorry, I don't know your name.

He retrieves a red book bag from the boot and opens it, pulling out a small note that reads:

'Given this to Matthew for homework, he's reading it in front of the class tomorrow. Please make sure he's finished it. Thank you! Miss Potts'

OLI pulls out a copy of 'The very Hungry Caterpillar' from the bag.

INT. DAY. CAR.

JAMES

What's he doing out there?

AMY

Oli alone with his thoughts?  
Nothing good.

She tries the door handle again.

AMY (CONT'D)

FOR FUCK SAKE!

They stop and look in confusion as they hear faint methodical knocking against the car.

Hold.

EXT. DAY. CONCRETE.

OLI sits on the concrete leaning against the car in hysterical tears, methodically hitting his head against the car. He looks back down at what he's holding.

A small pile of paper on the floor but in his hand we see a crude colourful painting of a family. A Mum, Dad, little Matthew and small Archie... a Baby.

OLI sits in this moment; tortures himself with it.

OLI  
You have a little brother too? Mine  
wore a uniform just like yours.

Hold.

He goes to stand up.

INT. DAY. CAR.

JAMES  
Amy... I'm worried. We need to call  
the Police.

They both look at the phone on the dashboard.

AMY  
He said it was dead.

They hear OLI rummaging around in the boot. She grabs the phone. It lights up.

JAMES  
C'mon, come on!

She shows him the phone still turning on.

AMY  
The hell do you want me to do?

JAMES looks out the window biting his nails.

AMY (CONT'D)  
66%? The bastard. James, what's his  
pass-code?

JAMES  
How should I know?!

AMY  
You're his best mate!

JAMES

You're his fucking girlfriend! You control literally everything, how the hell do you not know his passcode?!

JAMES looks back to try and see what OLI is up to. Light tapping can be heard against the car.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Isn't it supposed to have an emergency call thing?

AMY

Do you not think I would have tried that?!

JAMES

I don't know... ermmm, when's your birthday?

AMY

Nope.

JAMES

His birthday? Mine?

AMY

Don't flatter yourself.

JAMES

His little Brother's?

AMY

Shit! When's his birthday?!

OLI opens the door and enters, AMY tries to quickly hide the phone.

They all sit in a thick silence.

OLI turns the key in the ignition.

Hold.

OLI

His name was Matthew.

Another silence, AMY grabs OLI's hand and forces a smile as tears collect in her eyes.

JAMES

Oh is that the name of the boy you killed?

OLI bites his tongue.

OLI  
The hungry caterpillar. He'll never  
even get to finish it.

JAMES  
Not missing much, it's a shit  
ending.

OLI  
(Shouting)  
Just shut the FUCK up James!

OLI continues looking at JAMES while JAMES tries to look  
away.

Hold.

JAMES  
(Coyly)  
Well, my Dad

OLI  
Your Dad?! Your Dad fucking left  
ten years ago so can we PLEASE stop  
pretending he took you with him?!

Another Silence is held.

JAMES  
You know what? Amy just call the  
Police.

OLI looks in disbelief at AMY. Her face flicks between  
emotions, never settling on one.

OLI  
Him yes... but you?

AMY speaks calmly, as if defusing a bomb.

AMY  
Oli, we are in over our heads. It  
was an accident. We both saw that.  
Now Please. What is the code?

OLI sits back in his seat and takes deep breaths.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Oli...

AMY looks at the air vents to see it slowly excreting exhaust.

AMY (CONT'D)  
(slowly)  
Don't do anything stupid.

OLI resumes crying.

JAMES  
Can you guys smell that?

JAMES notices the smoke.

EXT. DAY. CONCRETE.

The exhaust pipe is seen stuffed with THE CHILD's school jumper.

INT. DAY. CAR.

JAMES  
Oli, mate, stop... Please.

AMY and JAMES both try to frantically open their doors. Neither do. The car continues filling up with more smoke.

JAMES takes out his anger on the back of OLI's seat while AMY attempts a number of random codes.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
(Shouting)  
Oli, do you really want to kill three more people today?!

JAMES gets on his back and tries kicking the window.

AMY turns to OLI with tears streaming down her face.

AMY  
Please... stop.

OLI pulls her hand in and kisses it.

OLI gets consumed by the smoke.

AMY turns trying the door again before being consumed by the smoke.

CU. JAMES has his face against the ceiling of the car trying to breathe before he's consumed by white smoke.



EXT. DAY. CONCRETE.

Muffled shouting, screaming and coughing is heard from within the vehicle as the camera slowly pulls away.

The grey car appears motionless with nothing internal visible except the pounding feet against the windows.

The camera continues pulling out, the sound becomes faint.

The feet kicking the window stop.

A thick mist floats in the middle distance. We hold, with a long stretch of concrete and weeds blowing in the wind.

A Blonde Dog runs across the concrete.

Hold.

Slow fade to white.